

## Resit

### Chapter 5

I lose all focus as I hear Jess' voice behind me as she pays my classmate Mark attention, and I cannot take my eyes off of the buttons now on my desk. Picking them up and putting them into my pocket to hide them from my peers.

*Don't want them to think I'm some weirdo.*

Thoughts of Jess dominate my mind as I try to look at the work before me, it is no use really, I can't clear my head of the thoughts of Jess and her expanding bust. I pick up my pen and make it look like I am working but just as the pen meets paper I feel a soft hand on my left shoulder, Turning to the side I am now looking up at Jess, an angle that is rapidly becoming my favourite, she peers over her breasts as she thrusts her chest out giving me ample viewing of her underboob, straining her new blouse.

"Everything... Ok Kris? You've barely written at all..." She says sensually.

I try to open my mouth, but I can't speak, I can only stare at her breasts as they lurch forward an inch. It happens so quickly that Jess actually leans forward from an almost recoil from the growth. Her face looks shocked for a few seconds as she eyes her now larger bust before returning her gaze to me, now she is biting her lip and her grip on my shoulder has tightened.

Very slowly she leans down, I can hear her bra creaking from the delicate movement.

"See. Me. After. Class." She says in a low whisper before she starts to take a few slow steps towards the front of the class once again, her hand slowly trailing down my arm as she walks away.

As she walks, I see her fiddling with her jacket, covering up her bust in the process. She eventually gets to her desk and takes a seat. Watching closely, I see that her boobs are now pressing into the desk. She picks up her phone and starts typing before I feel a vibration in my pocket.

Jess: You've just filled this Bra already... I've never grown so... quick... It was insane. I mean look!

She attaches a photo; the phone is low down on the desk and isn't a particularly flattering angle but must be the case so she doesn't get caught taking a selfie in class. The focal point of the photo is obviously her boobs, from this straight on angle I can see that her jacket is strained, and her boobs are resting against the corner of the desk.

Jess: Hang on, 1 sec.

A second photo pings through, this time her jacket is open, and I can see that her blouse is in a significantly worse condition than her jacket. The buttons are strained, and I can see little squares of flesh peeking through the gaps.

Jess: Stop it... You are making me so *big*.

I stare at the photo for a few more seconds before realising that this incredibly sexy expanding woman is just a few feet away at the front of the class. Lifting my gaze to her I can see her desperately trying to rebutton her jacket, her hands struggling to stuff her expanding breasts into the too small jacket.

Jess looks over at me, biting her lower lip, still uncontained fully, she has managed to get one button done. The look in her eye screams pure lust and she quickly scans the room before giving a little jiggle on the chair to tease me.

*Oh my fucking god.*

Her heavy breasts bounce and jiggle so much so that I see her button pop off the jacket. For the briefest of seconds, I can see a look of pleasure and relief on her face as her eyes roll into the back of her head. Very quickly, this changes as she realises that she is in her classroom filled with students. She quickly tries to cover up her breasts but obviously her jacket doesn't meet in the middle anymore. She quickly ducks out of the room into her back office.

I sat there stunned for a second and quickly looked around to see if anyone else had seen that incredible display.

*Nobody saw... Their loss...*

My phone buzzes, opening the message, it is of course from Jess.

Jess: I thought I said stop. Now I have to get my back up jacket.

She sends another photo, this time it is her just in her bra, captioned "No need for a blouse that doesn't fit. This bra still has a bit of life left. She was right, the bra was holding up and it did still have the power to contain her massive boobs, only just though. The purple lace is stretched to capacity, her boobs bulging over the cups and in danger of spilling out into the open.

*She must be close to that K again.*

I hear the creak of the side door and look up to watch as Jess enters the classroom. Her jacket is huge, more like a lab coat really, it hangs off her and covers her up sufficiently. Again, scanning the room to see if anyone is watching, she locks eyes with me and looks down at her chest. I follow her gaze and watch as she pulls the back of the jacket to make the fabric cling to her breasts.

The photo she just sent doesn't do her breasts justice, the sight before me now really does give a better impression of her true size. Although I have seen her this big, there is

something extra about seeing her in this position, fabric clinging to her mighty bust, almost exposed in class and having had her bust out of her clothes already.

Thankfully for her, there is only about 10 minutes left of class, thankfully for me too, remembering that she wants to see me at the end of it. I feel a stirring in my pants as I think about what excitement awaits me in 10 short minutes.

My phone goes off again, Jess has resigned to remaining at her desk, lest she reveal her new bust to the class.

Jess: 10 minutes left. This jacket has a lot of give but my bra doesn't. I can tell you are thinking about me. I can *feel* it. What say you bust this bra before I see you after class?

Me: How? I don't really know how to control it.

Jess: It's easy. Just think about my massive tits. Imagine your hands on them, feeling them swell against you, getting bigger by the second. My bra is creaking as it is slowly giving up its fight. My tits bulging over your fingers.

I have to put my phone down for a second, I feel my cock now pressing against my jeans.

*Fuck... She is too much... This is insane...*

Looking up to Jess I can see her face is flush, her cheeks red and she is panting. A sneaky hand is rubbing the side of her boobs. I can see the outline of them in her jacket as her hand applies pressure to one side, pushing her flesh against the tightening fabric. Her phone is still in her other hand. My phone vibrates and I see the message on the lock screen.

Jess: Almost... There...

Quickly darting my eyes back to Jess just in time, I see her face drop and she falls forward, suddenly the loose-fitting jacket becomes tight. I see her boobs bulge rapidly and stretch the fabric like it hadn't previously. There is a difference though, her boobs have a new shape, no longer the double boob effect from her boobs overflowing her bra cups, now, just two large orbs.

My phone vibrates once again.

Jess: Wow... Good boy...

The chime rings to signal the end of class. Everyone rushes to leave but I sit there stunned. Jess doesn't even say anything as everyone hurries out of the class. One girl approaches Jess and I overhear her.

"Are you ok? You look a bit flush? Are you coming down with something?" The concerned girl asks.

"Yeah, fine sweetie, thanks for checking Abi. Run along now, I've got to speak to Kris over there about some extra tutoring."

“Ok, see you next week.”

Jess waves as she leaves and closes the door behind her.

“You!” Jess says sternly as she stares at me. “Look. What. You. Did.”

She stands up and I see how strained her jacket is now. She walks towards me slowly.

“You made me so. *Big.*” She looks down and squeezes her breasts together, the jacket starting to groan. Her pliant flesh now bulged forward. “I don’t think even this jacket can hold me for much longer...” She pauses and lets out a soft moan. “What do you think...” she gives another squeeze, and the front button pops off the jacket. A small portion of her massive cleavage comes into view. “Oops.” She feigns innocence.

I sit there stunned, my cock rigid in my pants, my brain has turned to mush.

“I think we should take this to my office.” She places her hand over the boob window created from her jacket and turns to walk towards her office. Reaching the door, I still haven’t moved. She turns and gives me a seductive look.

“Coming?” Her hand playfully kneaded her boobs.

I nod.